

# The Curious Savage

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Summary: This story is loosely based off the play The Curious Savage. It focuses on one of the subplots more than the actual plot. EO all the way and it's AU.

## 1. Chapter 1

\*\*\_AN: Hello all! I know that I probably shouldn't be starting another story, but I really wanted to and I have poor self control. I don't know how many of you have read it, but this is loosely based off of the play the Curious Savage. A friend of mine told me about it a few months ago and since then I've been in love! Read it if you have the chance. Anyway, this is pretty AU and you'll figure out exactly what I mean by pretty as the story progresses. I hope you enjoy!\_\*\*

\*\*\_Disclaimer: I do not own Law and Order SVU or The Curious Savage.  
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\_Olivia stood inside the airport, watching as the plane that John and Elliot had boarded fifteen minutes ago took off down the runway. She purchased an hour long flying lesson for John's birthday, and seeing as she herself didn't wish to participate, she had insisted that Elliot tag along. Truth be told, she feared flying. It wasn't natural. If humans were meant to fly, they would have been born with wings. Elliot on the other hand, had always wanted to learn how to fly. He never had the time to thanks to their outrageous work schedule. Although she knew that they couldn't see her, she waved as the small plane took off. She clutched her necklace that said fearlessness, hoping that she could start feeling that soon. Her stomach was a mess and her hands were shaking, nerves taking over her body. \_

"\_Dear God, please keep them safe" She whispered to herself. Her anxiety levels were suddenly through the roof. Something was wrong, very wrong. They needed to land. \_

"\_What the hell is going on?" Munch asked the pilot. The plane was making an ungodly sound and it seemed like it was working way too hard to keep them in the air. \_

"\_Gotta land it! I don't know what's wrong" The pilot admitted, scaring the hell out of both detectives. \_

\_Olivia couldn't look, but she couldn't tear her eyes away either. The plane that she sent John and Elliot up in was going down, and fast. Her heart was pounding so hard that she feared that her heart would pop right out of her chest. It looked like the pilot had it under control, but deep down she knew that wasn't the case.

\_

\_Elliot felt Munch's hand reach out and grab his own. Elliot sighed and let his friend grab his hand, refusing to admit that he found it comforting. \_

"\_Everything is gonna be alright, fellas. Just gonna be a rough landing" The pilot insisted. \_

"\_Dear God, please! Please, I need him!" She begged, earning the attention of a young African American woman. \_

"\_Is everything alright?" The woman asked, placing a hand on Olivia's shoulder. \_

"\_I hope so". \_

\_So far, the pilot had complete control over the plane. It was just coming in way too fast. "Brace yourselves" He advised, knowing that this would be far from a smooth landing. Looking out the window, Elliot could see smoke coming off the plane. He closed his eyes, sending a prayer up above. He thought of Olivia, knowing that just picturing her would calm him down. The plane jerked, nearly knocking him out of his seat. There was a bang, and next thing he knew, the world went dark. \_

\_\*12 Hours Later\*\_

\_John sat next to Olivia in the waiting room. He had already been checked and released, but he refused to leave Olivia alone while she waited to see Elliot. John only had some cuts and bruises, but Elliot on the other hand was far worse. According to the last update they had received, Elliot had hit his head pretty hard, broken his left leg, and had some deep cuts on his face. They weren't allowed to see him because he had been taken back for surgery on the leg. Olivia was exhausted, but she wouldn't leave. John had offered her his shoulder, surprised that she accepted. He watched as she leaned over and rested her head against him, closing her eyes. It only took a few minutes for her breathing to even out, showing just how tired she had actually had been. \_

\_She had spent the first few hours in the waiting room apologizing to him, claiming that it was all her fault. Sure, she had been the one that set the lesson up, but it wasn't her fault that a freak accident occurred. If anything, it was all his fault. If he hadn't talked about his desire to pilot a plane, they wouldn't even be in the situation. \_

"\_Elliot" She mumbled in her sleep. He could see the pain in her face. John wrapped his arm around her, doing his best to comfort the woman. "Please! Please! Save him!" She cried, drawing the attention of everyone in the waiting room. A nurse shot him an empathetic look. She slowly walked over to him and crouched down, trying to speak quietly for Olivia's sake. \_

"\_You're here for Elliot Stabler, right?" \_

\_John nodded.\_

"\_Well, I'm not supposed to do this, but would you like to go back to his room? He's still in surgery, but she looks like she's had a rough day" \_

\_He gratefully accepted the offer, knowing that he would have to wake her up. He gently shook her shoulder, eliciting a groan from her. "Come on, Liv. We're going to Elliot's room". She shot up, suddenly alert. "Is he okay? They're letting us see him?" \_

\_He immediately regretted his choice of wording. "He's still in surgery, but we're going to his room so we can see him as soon as he gets out of recovery". She looked disappointed, but agreed regardless. \_

"\_What's this?" She asked, gesturing to a cot that one of the nurses had set up in his room. "It's so you can get some sleep; we both know that once Elliot is out, you won't be sleeping. Go ahead, I'm just going to take this chair". Olivia nodded and laid down, trying to fall back asleep. \_

"\_John, I know this sounds ridiculous and somewhat inappropriate, but can you lay with me? I haven't had a single night alone since Elliot and I-"\_

"\_It's alright, Liv. I'll lay with you until you fall asleep. Okay?"

\_

\_She nodded, thankful that she had a friend to be there for them during this awful moment. John settled next to her, leaving a respectable distance between them. She surprised him by turning onto her side so that she was facing him, wrapping her arms around him.

\_

"\_I can't lose him" He heard her whisper. "It's not fair. I just got him and I might lose him". \_

"\_He's not going anywhere, Liv" Munch reassured. "He loves you way too much to give up without a fight". \_

\_He could feel her tears as they soaked his shirt and that's when it hit him. He could have died today. Elliot could have died today. Olivia could still lose the man that she loved more than life itself and it was terrifying. The tears of the strongest woman in the world made him realize exactly how fragile life was. Now was not the time for an existential crisis.\_

"\_I promise that he'll be okay". He looked down to find her asleep with a few tears still on her face. He brushed them away before going

back to his chair and waiting for them to bring Elliot in. \_

\_Three hours later\_

"\_Excuse me Miss" A petite red headed nurse said as she gently shook Olivia's shoulder. \_

"\_Elliot!" Olivia called out as she awoke. \_

"\_He's on the other side of the curtain. He's been awake for a few minutes". \_

\_Olivia pushed herself up as quickly as possible, nearly knocking over the nurse. She threw the curtain aside, not giving herself any time to mentally prepare herself for what she was about to see. A gasp escaped her as she took in the sight of him. His head had several bandages on his cheeks and the back of his head. His leg was encased in a cast that started at his thigh and ended at his ankle. The doctor had told her that his femur had been broken in the crash, but she didn't realize exactly how serious of an injury that was. It was a lot to take in, but he was alive and even better, he was so lucky that both men had survived after all. \_

\_"John! John wake up! Elliot's awake" She yelled until he began to stir. \_

\_His eyes were fixed on something in the hallway, so she grabbed a chair out of the corner of the room and set it down next to the bed. John stood behind her with a comforting hand placed on her shoulder. She reached out for Eliot's hand, but he jerked it away. \_

"\_What?" She asked. \_

\_His eyes finally met hers, but it was obvious that he was not happy to see her. \_

"\_I'm just so glad you're okay". She leaned forward to place a kiss on his cheek, but his raised hand stopped her. \_

\_His brow was furrowed and a deep frown was on his face. She could see that he was thinking about something, but she had no clue what exactly. He opened his mouth to speak a few times, but he didn't actually say anything. After the most uncomfortable moment of her life, he finally spoke. \_

"\_Who the hell are you?" \_

\_AN: By the way, this is not a crossover! \_

## 2. Chapter 2

AN: Thank you for the interest in this story so far! I hope that more people will get into it as we get further into it. I appreciate feedback! Love y'all!

Disclaimer: I am not going to put this on any more chapters down the road because it is implied. I do not own law and order svu.

"John, what is this woman doing in my room?" Elliot asked for the

third time. His patience was spent by now and Olivia knew that he would start yelling if they didn't do something soon. John's hand softly squeezed her shoulder, his way of informing her that he would get the doctor. The last thing they wanted to do was alarm Elliot considering his physical condition wasn't too great at the moment either. Once it was just the two of them, she decided to try something.

"I know you're very confused and want some answers, but I have a couple of questions for you first" She started. "What's your full name?"

He stared at her for a moment, leading her to presume that he didn't know. Just as she was about to ask her next question, he answered.

"Elliot Joseph Stabler Sr".

"Do you have children?" She pressed on.

He nodded. "I have five beautiful children. Would you like me to list them?" He asked with a sarcastic smile, but since he offered, she accepted. "Maureen, Kathleen, Elizabeth, Richard, and Elliot Jr, more commonly known as Eli. Anything else?"

"I have one last question, why are you here?"

She took note of the way his fists clenched and the bulge of the vein on his neck. He was tense.

"My plane went down. That's all I remember. I was in a plane and the next thing I know I'm here".

She let her thumb run over his knuckles before quickly removing her hand from his. "I'm sure it's stressful".

" , I'm afraid that I have to ask you to step out. It'll be easier to evaluate without the distraction" The nurse explained.

Olivia wanted to scream. She wanted to fight. As his fiancée, she should be allowed to stay, but he didn't even know who she was at the moment. With a heavy sigh, she stood and headed towards the door.

"Take care of him" She said to the nurse as she passed.

"I'll call you as soon as we know something".

"I called Cragen andâ€¦"

"Kathy?" Olivia asked even though she knew the answer.

"The kids needed to know" John defended himself.

"I know. I justâ€¦" She trailed off.

"Look, we're over an hour outside of the city, so why don't we get a room for tonight? I know you don't want to be away from Elliot until we get this figured out".

"Yeah. I'm sure you're sore, too". She added, feeling guilty because she had put him on the back burner.

"It's alright, Liv. I understand" He insisted.

"Are you hungry?"

She really wasn't, but she knew that she'd have to eat.

"I'll order room service. What do you want?"

She ordered their food and sat down on the bed. Then it happened.

"Shit!"

She ran into the bathroom, dropping onto her knees in front of the toilet. Her heaves were loud and uncontrollable. John stood in the doorway, watching as she puked her guts out. Was he supposed to comfort her? Would that be too invasive? It was too late now. The toilet had been flushed and she was pulling herself back up. He handed her one of the plastic cups for the coffee put so she could at least rinse her mouth out. At least his suspicion had been confirmed.

"How far along are you?"

She gave him a weird look, but it soon changed into a half smile.

"Three months".

"Did he know before this?"

She shook her head.

"I had reservations for tonight...I was going to tell him over dinner. Now he doesn't even know who I am and our baby is gonna grow up without their daddy!" She cried. Tears streamed down her face as the weight of the day came crashing down on her. He moved to her, offering her his arms. Surprisingly, she let him hold her as she cried. As much as he wanted to tell her that it would be okay, he couldn't. There was no way of knowing that. Olivia Benson was a strong woman, and she'd make it through without an empty reassurance. Tears started to wet his shirt, but he didn't mind. She needed a friend and he would be there as long as she needed him. Another sob escaped her.

"Liv, I know you love Elliot and your baby. They're both still here. You have to hold onto that".

She pulled back from him and wiped at her tears.

"You're right. I don't even know what exactly is wrong and I'm already crying like I'm mourning him. These hormones are crazy" She attempted to joke. A knock on the door served as a welcomed distraction. Olivia managed to eat half of her sandwich and all of her chips before calling it quits for the night.

"I'll sleep on the floor if you want" John offered.

"We're adults. We can share the bed. Unless you're uncomfortable. I could sleep on the floor".

"I don't mind sharing with you, Benson. Just don't get any funny ideas".

1 Hour Later

"Are you still awake? Olivia whispered.

"No, I'm sleeping".

She rolled her eyes. "I can't sleep".

"Turn over. It's either that or I'll sing you a lullaby. Your choice".

"As much as I love your voice, I'll have to pass this time". She turned over and closed her eyes as his hand met her back (through her shirt of course). They had to get some sleep soon because they had no clue when they'd be called and she would want to get back to the hospital as soon as they were allowed to. She sighed when John rubbed the base of her neck in little circles, relaxing her immensely. Elliot was alive. Elliot remembered basic information and John. The doctors would figure it out. It would all be okay and they'd be a happy family just like she dreamed. Her eyes were getting heavier. John was good at this.

"I don't get why you've been divorced six times" She said out of nowhere.

"I don't get why it took so long for you and Elliot to get your heads out of your asses".

"Fair enough".

They settled into a comfortable silence as Olivia drifted off to sleep.

Once he was certain that she was asleep, John turned over so that he could do the same thing.

End  
file.